

LOYOLA SOPHOMORE DIES IN ACCIDENT

DAN MEARA SHOT AT HOME

Classes Join In Tribute To
Memory; Send Spiritual
Bouquet To Parents

Nineteen year old Daniel J. Meara, Jr., a member of the Sophomore class, died suddenly on Saturday, December 2, after having accidentally shot himself while cleaning a rifle.

Found by Mother

His mother, Mrs. D. J. Meara, had attempted to telephone their house from a friend's residence several times within an hour that evening, and having become worried at receiving no answer she returned home. She arrived to find her son's body on the kitchen floor. He was rushed to the Union Memorial Hospital where he was pronounced dead. The death, the examiner said, was accidental and very probably instantaneous.

Dan was an alumnus of Loyola High School, and upon his graduation in 1938 he enrolled in the A.B. course at Loyola College. While here he was known for his participation in several extra-curricular activities, among them intramural softball and basketball.

Funeral Services

Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning, December 5, at St. Mary's Church, Govans. As a tribute to the boy's memory, the entire body of his Sophomore classmates and many students from the other classes assisted at the funeral Mass. Messrs. Arthur Owen, Joseph Croghan, Mosely Webb, III, J. Neil Corcoran, Jr., Eugene Williams and William Wilkinson, close friends of the deceased, were pallbearers. A solemn burial took place in the Parkwood Cemetery.

Condolence Extended

On the same morning, a special Mass was offered in the College chapel for the repose of Dan's soul. Each of the four classes had previously remembered the family with individual floral wreaths, and the combined student body offered a generous Spiritual Bouquet.

Besides his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Meara, Dan is survived by a brother, (Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

SOCIAL SENIORS WILL SWING AT YULETIDE BALL

Merchants' Club Is Scene of
Annual Dance; Proceeds
To Yearbook

Being seniors and consequently, very, very social, the class of 1940 has determined to contribute its share of festivity to the Loyola Social Calendar by holding a dance on Friday night, January 5. In all likelihood the affair will take place in the swanky Merchants' Club on Redwood St., a scene of many successful Green and Grey dances. At this writing the band has not been signed, but the committee has reported that one of the local name orchestras will play.

Holiday Affair

Due to various conflicts on the Loyola Social Calendar, the seniors had been unable to settle on a date for their annual soiree until this hour. However, they believe that this will be no obstacle to the success of the evening because of the keen expectations the whole school have harbored all year in anticipation of this particular ball. The dance, (Continued on Page 3, Col. 4)

Dramatic Contest Evokes Student Enthusiasm

Manuscript Now In Writing
Will Capture Big Awards

Response to the Masque and Rapier Dramatic Society's one-act play contest has been tremendous. All over the school embryo playwrights have scrambled for secluded cubbies and nooks to seek out solitude for the birth of their dramatic brain children. Since the deadline is still far off no completed plays have as yet been presented to the Dean's office, which is contest headquarters, but the scripts are rapidly taking shape.

Contest Awards

Competition in the play writing tournament is very close, for the prizes are quite sizeable and have aroused keen interest. The first award is fifteen dollars; the holder of the runner-up position will receive ten dollars. Since the deadline is February 16, there is still plenty of time for every would-be dramatist to enter the lists. However, all entrants must be sure their manuscripts have a playing time of more than fifteen and less than thirty minutes.

FACULTY EXTENSION JUST COMPLETED



MESSAGE FROM THE REVEREND PRESIDENT

Hope was born into the world on the first Christmas day. From it has come the inspiration to the human race to seek happiness and the realization that man can find and possess it. Guided by this Divine assurance embodied in the living form of the Infant Savior, joy leaps into the hearts and mirth beams on the faces of all true believers.

That the love of the God-man may diffuse its glow and warmth in the hearts of our students, alumni and friends, is the earnest wish and prayer of all the members of Loyola's Faculty.

NEWS BRIEFS

Father Risacher, who has recently left Loyola because of ill health, is now stationed at Durham, N.C. Since North Carolina has been added to the Maryland-New York province, Father Risacher will assist in preparing for further Jesuit activity there. With the coming of Father Risacher, there are now two Jesuits in the entire state.

Messrs. Raymond Burgison, John Farrell and Noah Walker represented Loyola College as guest speakers at a meeting of the Baltimore Chapter of the Child Study Association of America on Saturday, December 9, at the Longfellow Hotel. Dr. Weidfeld, president of State Teachers College, was the chairman. Representatives from Johns Hopkins, Goucher College, University of Maryland and State Teachers College engaged in a round-table discussion of war and peace. (Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

FLASH

The Christmas Holidays will end on December 20 and not on December 22 as scheduled. The first triumph of the new Student Council and the first scoop in the history of *The Greyhound*!

Debate And Informal Dance Draw Large Audience

Bellarmino Society Suffers
Initial Defeat At Hands
Of Holy Cross

In their initial contest of the forensic season, the Bellarmine Debating Society of Loyola College met the Fenwick Debating Society from Holy Cross College last Friday night in the Loyola Library. Over two hundred students and friends of Loyola heard Messrs. Carl Gottschalk and Charles Gellner, representing the Green and Grey, dispute United States foreign policy with Robert Mahue and John Wilkas of the Purple team. The official wording of the proposition was "Resolved: That the United States should follow a policy of strict (economic and military) isolation towards all nations involved in armed international and civil conflict." Loyola supported the negative side.

Judge Sayler Presides

The chairman's post for the evening was occupied by Judge J. Abner Sayler, who amused the entire gathering with his sparkling wit. In the judges' booth were Messrs. Harper Clark, John J. O'Connor and Thomas G. Malone (Continued on Page 3, Col. 4)

STUDENTS, GRADS READY FOR LOYOLA NIGHT

EARL KNOTT SOLOIST

Dramatic Presentations And
Glee Club Concert To
Feature Program

"Loyola Night," that rollicking evening of streamlined divertissement, is on deck! Promptly at eight-fifteen this evening students and alumni will convene at the Alcazar in untold numbers to enter into the spirit of the traditional fun-fest. Drama, singing, and dancing will round out a varied program that promises to eclipse even last year's gala performance.

Glee Club and Soloist

The Loyola Glee Club, under the direction of Father Fremgen, has finished many weeks of gruelling practice and is prepared to display the fruits of hard work. Their program, as outlined in the last issue of *THE GREYHOUND*, will include many well-known pieces. Mr. J. Earl Knott, ex '39, baritone soloist, will sing "Our Last Waltz," written by O'Neill Miller, an alumnus of Loyola who graduated in 1938, and Cadman's "At Dawning," with violin obligato.

Two One-Act Plays

Father Grady's Masque and Rapier Players will do their part in proving that "the play's the thing" with the presentation of two one-act dramas. "The Dreamslayers," a satire on Communism, should produce a pulse-quickening effect with its unique stage scenery and eerie musical accompaniments. The principal roles will be acted by Charles Carr, Carl Gottschalk, Robert Dougherty, and Frederick Aumann.

Donald Schmidt, Charles Gellner, Frank Lang, Norman Waltjen, David Schmidt, and Frank Ayd will be the principals in the comedy, "Refund." The plot centers about a disgruntled alumnus who returns to his alma mater and demands a refund of his tuition because he had not learned anything. When the faculty assembles to outwit him the results are hilarious.

Instrumental Numbers

The musical program this year will be marked by the appearance of a number of instrumentalists who will form an ensemble to render two celebrated numbers. "The (Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

THE GREYHOUND

LOYOLA COLLEGE

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No. 4

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Along The Lane

By JOHN FARRELL

"Loyola Night" takes place this evening. The only active participant who isn't complaining about having his hands full is the man in charge of ushering. The fact that the Junior league ladies are the ushers might explain the young man's attitude.

* * * *

Our history professor is a man of rare humor. Recently he handed back Mitchell's exam papers with the following note at the end: "The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity with any individuals, living or dead, or with any actual happenings is purely coincidental."

* * * *

What would have happened if seven sophomores had tried to drag seven freshmen over to the gymnasium during the initiation? After the tug-o-war immediately preceding the Frostburg game, one disgruntled soph said, "They should have won. They had the whole crowd pulling for them." Did it really seem so?

* * * *

The Holy Cross debate was a delightful exception to the rule that young ladies are seldom seen at Loyola. Our lovely and talented neighbors from Notre Dame came upon us in numbers. This column detected a smart bit of strategy by our debaters. After all, they were arguing against complete isolation.

* * * *

If you're a veteran, the basketball games present no problem to you. But if you're a freshman, you'd better accept some timely advice. It's as certain as three tests every Friday that your one and only will appear at the games with a classmate. Being a partisan of "tit-for-tat" from way back, you should know the right move. About a week before the next game, pick out the student who is most likely to bring her to that contest. (Never the same one, chum. Remember, she's versatile.) When you've finally decided who will bring her, well, just ask *his* girl.

* * * *

At Loyola you either smoke a pipe or "roll someone else's."

* * * *

If there's any horseplay on the campus, Joe Wyatt is sure to be at the bottom of it. *And we mean bottom.* Last week Joe's playful buddies, the three "B's", Baker, Bouse, and Burke put him in one of those openings in front of the basement windows. The grating above was replaced and there was Joe.

* * * *

At Evergreen an optimist is the boy who expects to go through lunch period without a hot-foot.

* * *

Remember, fellows, the best stockings are not always filled by Santa.

Cold Spring Murmurings

By CHARLES R. GELLNER

HOLIDAY HIJINKS

The holiday season was on and people were swirling all over the streets. An Indian, seeking surcease from civilized gift hunting, dropped into a nearby drugstore for a refreshing snack. He ordered a ham sandwich and when it was served, he peered intently between the slices of toast, grunted a few times and inquired of the attendant.

"Ugh, you slicem ham?"

"Yeh," answered the soda jerker, "I sliced the ham."

"Ugh," replied the Indian, "you damn near missem."

* * * *

A CHRISTMAS TRINKET

There's been one quip that's been making the rounds and out of the generosity of our hearts at this gracious Yuletide we pass it on to you.

The cops had just pulled Mr. Jacob Mingleheimer out of the river, dead. The Sergeant had instructed Officer Murphy to go to Jake's house and to break the news to Mrs. Mingleheimer as gently as possible.

When Mrs. Mingleheimer opened the door, Officer Murphy dragged off his cap and said,

"God day, Widow Mingleheimer, and how are you?"

"All right, thank you," replied Mrs. Mingleheimer, "but I'm no widow."

Officer Murphy simply said, "What will you bet?"

* * * *

I WISH

*I wish I were a liar and yet could tell the truth,
I wish I were a bachelor and yet could marry Ruth,
I wish I were a student and yet could skun my books,
I wish I were a rich man and yet could have good looks,
I wish I were a toper and yet be orthodox,
In fact I really wish I were a living paradox.*

* * * *

DANCE NOTE

Imagine my embarrassment the other evening at the dance when I explained to my pretty escort that I was a little stiff from badminton.

"I don't care where you're from," she cuttingly replied.

* * * *

POETIC INTERLUDE

The bum rushed up to me on Charles St. and cried, "Say, bud, how about slipping me a nickel for a cup of coffee, ten cents for a bowl of soup, two bits for steak and fifty cents for my expenses tomorrow, and, by the way, bud, I sorta need a shine, too."

Needless to say, I was aghast, simply aghast, and calling on the lower regions, I politely asked in the name of said lower regions how he got that way.

He snapped his fingers in my face and replied with a poetical twist—

"I'm really being smart you know,

"I mustn't mask it,

"I'm simply putting all my begs

"In one askit."

* * * *

COMMUNIQUE No. 5

The ship was cutting the enemy infested waters of the Atlantic. On board in the salon a parrot was watching a magician amusing the passengers with a few corny prestidigitations. The amateur Houdini came to the climax of his show and announced that the trick they were about to witness would amaze them no end. Just as he made a sweeping gesture with his wand, a torpedo hit the boat and blew it to the empyrean.

After the debris had settled to a certain extent, the parrot bobbed to the surface and mused, "Damn clever, damn clever."

* * * *

EPILOGUE

The height of illegibility—a doctor's prescription written with a post office pen in the rumble seat of a second hand car.

* * * *

Nighty night, children, and remember that there are only three menaces to the modern motorist—Hic, Hike and Hug.

Christmas 1939

The most momentous event in mankind's history will not be remembered this year in Europe. Christmas Day of 1939 will dawn on a world that is at war, and the message of "Peace on earth, good will to men" will be smothered in the clash of arms. For a while at least, we in America, who are not yet pledged to the annihilation of our neighbor, can in some way feel the happiness of this most glorious of seasons. But our joy must be lessened by the thought that it is for us alone to celebrate the great day which belongs to all men, the day which brought a new hope and a new faith, not to an isolated few, but to every nation on earth. Accordingly, it is with disgust that we watch the greedy crimes and the bungling statesmanship which have made such a miserable mess of the world we live in.

We college students who may become the leaders of tomorrow see much in international affairs that cries for reform. Those monsters which men call communism and nazism are only about as old as we are, and our elders evidently are going to leave them with us. Despite the vicious fulminations which every day are being directed against such pagan ideologies, communism still lives a healthy life here in the United States. Nor will it ever disappear until our country can devise some means of eliminating this enemy force which professedly plans to destroy everything that Christianity holds sacred.

It is very easy to call communism the deadly doctrine of Beelzebub and the blackest blot on our body politic. But it is also very futile when the national government officially declares that the Communist party is a legally established political group with the undeniable right of preaching its platform as freely and openly as does anybody else.

But we have strayed from our point. We only intended to voice our hope that the true spirit of Christmas may in some way be restored to this uprooted twentieth century. For, at present, God is surely still in His Heaven, but all is definitely not right with the world.

The Play Contest

There does not appear to be very much literary ability among the venerable members of our student body. A brief glance through the pages of this paper is adequate evidence of that unfortunate fact. However, this in as invitation to those men whose light thus far has been buried under the proverbial bushel, and to whom there is now offered an opportunity to carve for themselves a substantial niche in Alma Mater's hall of fame. The one-act play contest, which is being sponsored by the Mask and Rapier Players, is welcome news to this department, and we greet it as a further step in the development of the academic half of Loyola's extra-curricular life.

Perhaps one of the most difficult of assignments is the writing of a one-act play. We are confident that Shakespeare would have made a batch of it. But if this contest can provide one or two which are worthy of production, Loyola will be able to hold its head high among the countless other colleges where such an activity is a most popular tradition. Our Evergreen litterateurs will at last be vindicated and we will very happily retract the pessimistic statement with which we began.

Alumni Doings

By JOSEPH B. COYNE

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception marked the opening of the Alumni Retreat. Sixty members of the association made the trip to the banks of the Severn and spent the three days at Manresa. Reverend Edward B. Bunn, S.J., '17 was the Retreat Master for the second successive year and all were well pleased with the exercises which he conducted. It was a most impressive sight to see the Governor of Maryland, Herbert R. O'Connor, '17, mingling here at Manresa with his Loyola friends. The committee in charge of arrangements was headed by Thomas J. Grogan, '29, and it is to him that the thanks of the entire Association are extended. Everyone realizes that his tireless energy insured the most successful Retreat that the Alumni has ever conducted.

The class of '17 had the best representation, closely followed by the class of '37. A check for sixty-five dollars was presented to the Director of Manresa. The sum was realized by contributions of members of the Alumni at different social functions. It was more than gratefully received.

Plans are being rapidly completed for the Annual Banquet to be held at the Belvedere on February 6. As for preparations it suffices to say that the Committee is headed by Isaac S. George, '01. All who attended last year's Banquet know well how capable he is of arranging a gala time.

ITEMS

The Green and Grey Cagers opened their season against the Alumni team on November 30. Lefty Reitz's proteges were highly favored and won handily by a score of 46-23. The best efforts of Charlie Wayson, '38, Vince Carlin, '33, Guy Matriccianni, '36, Chief Bender, '33, and Ed Gromacki, '36, could not overcome the speed and endurance of the school aggregation.

Death came suddenly and shockingly to John C. Kohlhepp, '27, who died as a result of injuries received in an automobile accident.

Thomas E. Bracken, '37, is the father of a baby girl born on Armistice Day in Berwyn, Illinois. He is employed there in the Diesel Motor department of General Motors, Inc.

Christmas is rapidly approaching. So, though a little premature, accept the best wishes of your Editor for a very Merry Christmas and the most prosperous of New Years.



Science Notes

Father Richard Schmitt, Professor of chemistry at Loyola, is grateful for the following letter received from the Chemistry Department of New York University.

Rev. R. B. Schmitt, S.J.
Loyola College
4501 N. Charles St.
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Father Schmitt:

I thought that you might be interested in the following good news—Mr. John Spaulding McCoy whom you recommended to us has passed his Ph.D. qualifying examinations, having received one of the highest marks at N.Y.U., Washington Square. I am also gratified to inform you that I find him an excellent laboratory worker. He is now working on a new micro sulphur determination for his Master's degree. Since he passed the qualifying examinations he is eligible to start his Ph.D. research which he has told me he wants to do in organic chemistry. In this way, he can alternate his work on the two problems, and thus his interest would be kept at a high level. I certainly wish to congratulate you on the fine type of student you are turning out.

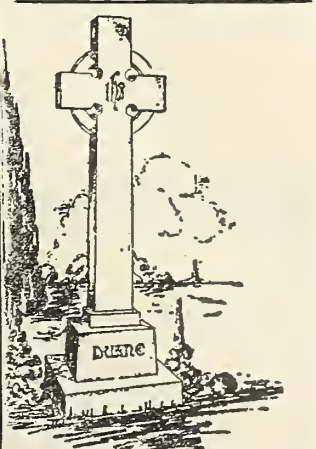
Please do not fail to visit me when you are in New York—there will be much to discuss. Best regards from Dr. MacTavish, Dr. Pichler, McCoy and myself.

Very sincerely,

(Signed)

Joseph B. Niederl, Ph.D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

MONUMENTS



ALBERT SEHLSTEDT

Christian Cemetery Memorials

511 N. HOWARD STREET

NEWS BRIEFS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

A delegation from the Loyola International Relations Club attended the Middle Atlantic Conference of International Relations Clubs which was held at the New Jersey College for Women in New Brunswick, N.J., on December 8 and 9.

With the approval of the Student Council, a group of students are circulating petitions among the student body to be signed by all who wish the price of the year book to be included on the tuition bill, beginning next year. If a sufficient number of signatures is obtained, action may be taken by the Board of Directors.

RULES FOR ONE-ACT PLAY CONTEST

1. Deadline is February 16, 1940.
2. First prize is fifteen dollars; second prize is ten dollars.
3. All adaptations should be clearly marked as such.
4. Each play should have a minimum playing time of fifteen minutes and a maximum of thirty minutes.
5. No prizes will be awarded unless there are at least ten entries.
6. Each manuscript should be typed and handed in to the Dean's office.
7. The action should be restricted to one scene.

Masque and Rapier
Players.

Debate And Informal Dance Draw Large Audience

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4) who, although they returned a decision in favor of the Worcesterites, were generally applauded as having exercised a very judicious vote. The Loyola debating club was extremely grateful for their kind acceptance of the invitation to be on hand.

Recording Dance

After the battle of words had simmered down at the conclusion of the debate, the audience together with the speakers swung out into an informal dance which had been arranged by the Student Council in conjunction with the Bellarmine Society. The music was recorded and was furnished through the generosity of Frank Ayd, Jr., of Sophomore class.

SOCIAL SENIORS WILL SWING AT YULETIDE BALL

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2) which will be semi-formal, comes immediately after the Christmas recess and may therefore be considered as a part of the Yuletide rejoicings.

Worthy Cause

The proceeds will be appended to the year book fund. As the student body already knows, the Loyola annual this year will celebrate the history of the Jesuit order and, as a consequence, the dance has a very laudable cause and deserves the support of every class in the college.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

IS EASY AT HUTZLER'S

And It's Fun Too!

HUTZLER BROTHERS & CO.

Theatre Comment

By PAUL SCHAUB

Anybody who attempts to write drama criticism in this enlightened age is not supposed to moralize. He who dares is usually branded as a sanctimonious prig and, of course, that would be dreadful. Today, however, we are in the mood for climbing up a pulpit and shuddering at the lice-ridden dialogue with which American theatre-goers are being incessantly bombarded. So you had better stop here, or remain to be converted.

After writing this column for almost two years now, we have to admit that we are getting mighty sick of it. We've seen many a play during that time and we have been left with only one tangible impression. It is that the tremendous majority of our modern playwrights are pornographers and muckrakers of the deepest dye.

One of our favorite theories about the theatre has been that the reckless use of blasphemy in a play is an infallible indication of the author's complete literary paralysis. Nothing is simpler, when the writer runs into a dramatic tangle, than to inject a choice bit of sacrilege which will make the audience marvel and giggle at his daring, and which also will very nicely conceal his stunted growth as an artist.

Of such rank amateurs, the American theatre has a superabundance. We could easily recite a lengthy litany of American writers, predominant among whom are some savage representatives of the gentler sex, who are only pitiful counterfeits of Sigmund Freud and Eugene O'Neill. But a catalogue isn't necessary. Every one who has regularly patronized the local playhouses knows that the only plays that can be honestly recommended are either Shakespearean revivals or else some milk-and-water production that is self-consciously free from smut.

The Philadelphia Story, which we saw in New York and which is scheduled to come here, is an exquisite specimen of this putrefaction. It does nothing but sprinkle the audience with bilgewater for three long acts. Philip Barry, its author, who once could write a good play, has evidently declared his artistic bankruptcy and is now to be numbered among the sultans of slush.

Nothing, we suppose, will be done to remedy all this. As long as audiences want it that way, theatre-going will remain a decidedly uninvigorating experience. But it is one of the reasons why we have never enthused very much about a play that has come to Baltimore; and it is the main reason why we are glad that there is only one more of these columns for us to write.

Animadversions

By CHARLES BAUMMER

Those of us who have reached our majority and are now registered voters would do well to heed the words of Boston's Cardinal O'Connell, spoken recently on the eve of his eightieth birthday. Scoring the greed and ambition of public officials, he placed the blame not on their lack of training, nor on the temptations of public life, but on the citizens whose ballots, cast carelessly, put such men into office.

* * * *

On the whole, judging from newspaper reports, the Fire Department seems to be miles ahead of the Police Department in the work of prevention. Two Milwaukee smoke-eaters, making a call for fire prevention inspection, were greeted by the distressed housewife with "You've just arrived in time, I've been smelling smoke for the last half hour." Damage was confined to twenty dollars. On the other hand, a San Francisco cop, assigned to accident prevention, reached down to pick up his revolver that had fallen to the floor. He accidentally squeezed the trigger and shot a bystander in the leg. They should get together sometime.

* * * *

We are happy to learn that there is one place in the country where industry is not made the sport of claptrap politicians. The public conscience of Charlotte, N.C., made a tax rebate of one cent to the local power company on a return of sixty thousand dollars, the city's largest. Methinks New Dealers could learn quite a bit from a visit to Charlotte.

* * * *

Whoever was backing the swimming pool in Shenandoah, Iowa, surely picked the wrong time to submit a proposed bond issue for its support to a public referendum. It was December, and Iowa isn't exactly tropical in December. Only one fourth of the registration voted but they promptly killed the bill.

* * * *

It gives one cheer to know that those of our own humble station are not the only ones who do their Christmas shopping in the five and dime. We learn that none less than Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose of England were scouting the English Woolworths for Yule gifts for war refugee children. But then maybe even royalty has to stay within allowance limits.

* * * *

Our prize for the week's hardest American would go to Robert McCoy of Nebraska. Falling into an eighteen-inch pipe at a dam site, he was drawn through six hundred feet along with tons of mud and water, and lived to tell about it.

STUDENTS, GRADS READY FOR LOYOLA NIGHT

EARL KNOTT SOLOIST

Dramatic Presentations And Glee Club Concert To Feature Program

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5) Londonderry Air," an old Irish medley, will open the program and Kreisler's well-known "The Old Refrain" will form the concluding piece. The ensemble comprises the following. Violins: Robert Baer, William Dubovik, Werner Friedmann, John Ozazewski, and Casimir Zacharski; Clarinet: Lewis Lortz; Trumpet: DeWitt Finster; Piano: Edmond Scavone.

A specially interesting feature of the program will be a trumpet solo by DeWitt Finster who will play the brilliant "Columbia-Fantasia Polka" by Rollinson.

Novelty Number

Between the two presentations of the Mask and Rapier Players, Harry Putsche, '38, will entertain in conjunction with the Glee Club. He will impersonate the All-American Boy who tries various colleges and finally comes to Loyola. The Glee Club will sing various college songs.

Dancing until one o'clock to the music of the Lewis Lortz Orchestra will spell finis to a truly outstanding program.

LOYOLA SOPHOMORE DIES IN ACCIDENT

Dan Meara Shot At Home

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4) Robert, a Freshman here at Loyola.

We are in grateful receipt of a letter from the parents of the late Daniel Meara, acknowledging our humble tenders of sympathy, which we are happy to publish in its entirety:

5 Orkney Court
December 9

To the Boys of Loyola,
Dear Friends:

Your prayers, your flowers and your words of sympathy did more than you can ever know to comfort us at a time when our grief was almost too much to bear.

And how proud and happy our Dan must be over your beautiful tribute to his memory. Surely he will respond by being always your advocate in Heaven.

As for us and our gratitude, we can't do much beyond expressing it—you must know our hearts are full of it. One little thing we can do to show our appreciation is to keep our chins up. And thoughts of you boys of Loyola will make that possible.

God Bless You,
Anne C. Meara
Daniel J. Meara
Bob Meara

BOOK NOTES

BY CHARLES R. GELLNER

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES, Thomas Craven, Simon & Schuster.

Unhappily the devotees of the palette and easel can't enjoy the great artistic milestones of western progress as directly and conveniently as can, for example, our litterateurs, who may saunter to the corner bookmart and there pick up whatever classics they desire for a tuppence. Scattered over several continents, in museums and galleries all the way from San Francisco to Munich and Moscow, and dozens of them in private hide-aways that are barred to the hoi polloi completely, the paintings of the deathless Giotto, Rembrandts, Goyas and Cezannes are practically inaccessible even to the well-to-do.

This anomalous situation harassed Thomas Craven no end and one day in a splurge of indignation he despatched to the capitals of Europe and America his most trustworthy photographers and had them register on their unfailing plates the most renowned and representative portraits, landscapes and other art studies his scholarship could select. The result is a miracle, the eighth wonder of the modern world, a book that encompasses the most breath-taking collection of pictures ever dreamed of. One hundred and forty-four knockouts are included and each one is accompanied by a brief appreciation by Mr. Craven himself.

Covering the fruitful period from the Renaissance to the present day, the works of every creator from Giotto, da Vinci and Giorgione to Picasso, Rivera and Grant Wood are displayed in a series that skilfully represents the major trends of art history and the typical output of each school and age. The whole is executed as a unit that endeavors to knit together the various forces that have molded the artistic traditions of our heritage. That feature of the huge quarto which most commands our admiration is the print job. We're no expert, but as far as we can judge from other critics and our own senses, you'll find here the summit of American color photography and printing. None of the subjects presented have we ever seen in the original, but you can bet your bottom dollar there's not a hair's breadth deviation from the originals in these exquisite copies.

How accurately Mr. Craven's critiques hit off the true interpretation and significance of each study in the entire assemblage we're not drilled sufficiently in the intricacies of art to declare. Nevertheless, his delightful vignettes invest every painting with a meaningful glow that just wouldn't be there without his helpful aid.

SCRIBBLERS' CORNER

ADVENT

Soon my Lover comes to me
From the desert, from the sea.
We shall meet upon a hill
Where none may hate, none may kill.
When my Lover comes to me
I have gifts that He may see,
Gifts of costly stuff—of gold
—Pledges for love cast off and sold.

From the East O see Him come
Rising with the rising sun,
In His glory, with His Saints,
Strengthening my heart that faints.

Swift and sweet and mightily,
God and Lover, compass me!

FRANK J. LANG.

SYMPHONY AND SWING

I am moderately interested in music. I would resent being called a dilettante, yet at the same time I realize that I am no connoisseur of the art. On occasion a Beethoven symphony can excite proper emotion in me, and just as frequently a Goodman solo on "St. Louis Blues" will leave me duly impressed. My musical sensibility, then, is a vacillating one and shared, I think, by the majority of people who, like myself, hold no deep-rooted opinions on what music should be.

On the other hand, the real "savant," the man who professes a comprehensive knowledge of the elements of the art, holds inalterable convictions on what is and what is not "good music." The proponents of "swing" or "hot music" are (or pretend to be) just such people. They will tell you in no uncertain terms that music is a creative act; that it should express the pent-up emotions of the musician; that said emotions should find an outlet through musical improvisation; finally, that this spontaneous improvisation, built around a set theme, is the kernel—the "sine qua non"—of modern jazz.

Logically enough, the swing addicts laud such personalities as Goodman, Hackett, and Waller, famed for their improvisational abilities. Still very logical, they will brand as "corny" Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, or Kay Kyser whose orchestras adhere strictly to the theme as written. However—and this is the point I make—these very same disciples of swing will declare that they are lovers of the symphony! At this very point, as I see it, they abandon all logic, destroy whatever evangelizing they may have accomplished, and in general contradict themselves.

Between the symphony and swing I can see nothing but a vast abyss—an enormous gulf that spans opposite poles in music. Swing, free and unrestricted improvisation, lies at one pole; symphony, tedious repetition note-by-note of an original theme, pregnant with cumbersome emotion, lies at the opposite pole. With every succeeding performance of a popular melody the musician must change his solo or be branded as a "paper man." With every succeeding performance of a symphony the musician must play his score verbatim or be branded as incompetent.

Consequently, I see stark contradiction in those persons who would maintain an equal appreciation of both types of music. Symphony and swing are in their elements irreconcilable, and to link them is a horrible misalliance.

CARL GOTTSCHALK.

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Running With The Hounds ...

By NOAH WALKER

HOYAS AND BEES:

The Georgetown-Baltimore game provided many interesting angles. Last year Loyola invited Georgetown to play on the Evergreen campus this season; however the Washington team's schedule was completed at that time. But just a month and a half ago, the University of Baltimore asked Coach Ripley for a game which "de facto" was played. Naturally, money or guarantee, "sine qua non," caused Georgetown to add a game to a schedule which was said to be completed a year ago. Moreover, Loyola will not be able to use freshmen against the Hoyas in the District next month. But when the Bees took the floor against Georgetown three weeks ago, four of the starting Baltimore team were freshmen. Either the lack of funds or the refusal to make reasonable guarantees handicaps the schedules of the Greyhounds. The truth is that both causes are somewhat to blame, combined with the utter lack of support by students and alumni.

LOYOLA'S MISCUES:

The Green and Gray squad has seven or eight good ball players. Loyola has not had in the first few games a good team. The absence of team work can make good ball players look like blind men playing poker. A momentous defect in Loyola's play this year is the inability to cash charity checks. In the Frostburg game, the Greyhounds made only five out of fourteen foul shots and at LaSalle only five out of ten. Ball games are won and lost from the foul line, and the LaSalle contest was lost although the Greyhounds made the same number of field goals as the Philadelphians.

LOYOLA'S HOPES:

Evergreen fans still have well supported hopes for their team. The Evergreen Pentagon made a splendid and one night brilliant showing last week-end in Philadelphia. LaSalle's team could not stop Bock and Thobe from scoring but it finally did manage to remove Vic from the game with a very badly sprained and bruised ankle. Although Bernie Thobe almost injected a monkey wrench into LaSalle's machine, the good old boys of Philly battered Bernie so well that they helped Villanova's cause the next night tremendously.

We did not look into the matter, but perhaps as a precaution, medical doctors were engaged as the officials instead of basketball referees. Nevertheless, Loyola battled to a standstill one of the best teams on the coast (according to New York papers) which was aided not by the



BARCZAK JUMPS FOR REBOUND

Greyhounds' Late Rally Tops Frostburg

Bernie Thobe's Nineteen Points Lead Scoring For Night;
Leo Rice And Bell Star For Visiting Teachers

Rallying in the last five minutes of play, Loyola's ambitious basketekers won their first intercollegiate game of the season by defeating Frostburg State Teachers College, 45 to 35.

Bernie Thobe was high scorer for the night, netting nine field goals and a foul for a total of nineteen points. Thobe, who never played Varsity basketball before coming to college, is the most improved player on the Greyhound squad this year.

Teachers Strong

The teachers surprised all and sundry by keeping the Green and Gray passers completely bottled up throughout the first half. The usually smoothworking Loyola machine could not do a thing with the air-tight Frostburg defense in the opening session, and a lack of team work was evident.

At the end of the half, Loyola led 22 to 18, most of the Hounds' points being the result of long shots. In the second period, the teams continued to battle on even terms. Rice and Bell led the visitors' attack, while Bern Thobe began dropping one-hand shots from all angles to keep Loyola in the game.

Naughty Rooters Nettle Referee

The turning point in the tussle came when, with six minutes to play and Loyola leading, 32-29, Referee Strigle called a foul on Captain Ed Barczak. Immediately, the home fans set to booing the unfortunate official. At this point, Strigle, who was handling the contest alone, seemed to let his feelings get the better of him and called a technical foul on the Loyola stu-

lady in red but by two men in white. Congratulations are in order for the team and also for Mr. Reitz who arranged a game with Villanova here in Baltimore next year.

dent body. This, added to the foul called on Barczak, gave Frostburg three free shots, all of which were converted by Leo Rice, ace forward. The score then stood 32 all.

From that point on, the Greyhounds ran wild, tallying thirteen points in the final five minutes to Frostburg's three. Thobe's one-handed shots featured the rally, in which Loyola averaged three points a minute.

Leo Rice led the scoring for the teachers, garnering four field goals and three fouls, for eleven points.

LOYOLA

	FG.	F.	T.
Thobe, f.	9	1-1	19
V. Bock, f.	1	0-0	2
Cummings, f.	2	1-1	5
F. Bock, f.	0	0-0	0
Barczak, c.	2	1-3	5
Stakem, g.	1	2-2	4
McDonough, g.	1	0-1	2
Clancy, g.	2	0-0	4
Goldberg, g.	2	0-2	4

20 5-10 45

FROSTBURG

	FG.	F.	T.
Rice, f.	4	3-3	11
Wagner, f.	1	1-2	3
Thomas, f.	0	1-1	1
Carrington, f.	1	2-2	4
Bell, c.	3	3-4	9
Meyers, g.	2	1-2	5
Nordeck, g.	1	0-0	2
Chaney, g.	0	0-0	0
Skidmore, g.	0	0-0	0

12 11-14 35

Referee—Strigle

LOYOLA	22	23—45
FROSTBURG	18	17—35

—O—

SOPHS, FROSH BATTLE TO 6-6 TIE IN FOOTBALL GAME

Schmidt Recovers Fumble In End Zone; Brady Scores For Pups

The freshmen and sophomores fought to a standstill in their annual struggle on the gridiron. Poor kicks, fumbles, long passes, and many penalties enlivened the contest which was devoid of good football. The poor condition of the men and the lack of practice accounted for the sloppy play of the two teams.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

Hounds On Road Give Top Teams Battle

Final Rally Just Short As
LaSalle Wins, 43-31;
Villanova Triumphs

The Varsity basketball squad returned from their first trip of the campaign without victory, but not without glory, for the Greyhounds did themselves proud in both of the games which they played in Philadelphia.

Last Friday night Loyola played the first contest of the season on an alien court, when they met a veteran La Salle team, which last year was one of the country's outstanding quintets. The Green and Gray came within an ace of upsetting the fast-cutting Explorers by putting on another of their amazing last-minute rallies.

Hounds Rally

With five minutes left to play, Loyola trailed, 32 to 21. Then the boys began to move. Walt Cummings made two quick goals, Bernie Thobe dropped a one-handed shot, 'Bud' McDonough swished the cords and with one minute to play, La Salle led by three points. However, one minute was not long enough and the Greyhound rally fell just short.

Bern Thobe was again high scorer with fourteen counters.

The next night, the boys from Evergreen journeyed to Coach 'Lefty' Reitz's Alma Mater to engage the Wildcats of Villanova. Once again the Hounds put up a game fight, despite the absence of Vic Bock, who sprained his ankle in the La Salle game. The tight defense of the Villanovans proved hard for Loyola to break through, and the 'Cats' won the fray, 35 to 26.

In the first half, Loyola matched everything the Wildcats had to offer, and when the teams retired to the dressing room the score stood at 19-16, in favor of Villanova.

Lazurchek Leads Scorers

In the final period the Main Liners presented a tightened defense which succeeded in holding the Hounds to three field goals in the last twenty minutes. Little Mike Lazurchek led the attack for the victors with fourteen points, while Captain Ed Barczak topped the scoring column for Loyola with nine.

LOYOLA

	FG.	F.	T.
Thobe, f.	7	0-1	14
V. Bock, f.	2	1-2	5
Cummings, f.	2	1-1	5
F. Bock, f.	0	0-0	0
Barczak, c.	1	3-4	5
Stakem, g.	0	0-2	0
McDonough, g.	1	0-0	2
Clancy, g.	0	0-0	0

13 5-10 31

LA SALLE

	FG.	F.	T.
Brsnich, f.	3	4-5	10
Gillen, f.	1	0-0	2
Krupa, c.	2	4-4	8
McGlone, c.	3	0-0	6
Carroll, g.	3	0-1	6
Swoyer, g.	0	0-0	0
Looby, g.	1	0-0	2

13 8-10 34

LOYOLA	16	15—31
LA SALLE	16	18—34

Grandstand Gossip

By PAUL O'DAY

Moving Around

The score to date. . . two against two. . . the Philly trip did things to the right hand side of the ledger. La Salle presented a veteran five. . . one of the best that will be seen in Convention Hall this season. . . and many great teams gather there. The Greyhounds played well. . . even up at the end of the first period. . . but lacked that final last moment drive to trounce the Christian Brothers' boys. The Green and Gray was beaten on long shots by the Wildcats. Baskets which found the cords from the outside ultimately brought about our downfall. . . since they all count, one way is as good as another provided it gets those big two points.

From The Inside

Casualty number one. . . Vic Bock. . . walking about on his instep in the La Salle game. . . and seeing no further action over the weekend. . . Walt Cummings should have his best year this term. . . We're waiting for Tommy Stakem to put one in from the outside with his left hand. . . Two Sophs claim the "most improved over last year" titles. . . Thobe and McDonough look better than ever. . . Ed Barczak picked up two All-Penn players to watch last weekend. . . Carroll from LaSalle and Duzminski of Villanova. Barz didn't do badly by his trust. One of the best and smoothest teams that will be seen out here comes next Tuesday. Out of West Va. Cam Henderson brings a Marshall club that has always been tops in smoothness, coordination and speed. For two years now the Greyhounds have sought victory against these boys. . . this year may be the time for the turning of the tide. But tomorrow night comes first. . . with Davis-Elkins on hand to help out in the cause of the evening. Big crowd. . . lots of baskets. . . scores of pretty "goils" and sturdy "bhoys". . . and a Loyola victory.

Setting Down

Rumors fill the air as to the formation of a Collegiate Ice-Hockey League in this section. . . with Georgetown sparking the drive. . . with assistance from the Loyola skaters eager to have the Green and Gray moving up and down the ice. The fencers have been invited to join the Southeastern Fencing Conference. . . and to participate in the South-Atlantic Championship matches next April down at Chapel Hill. . . another young team that is going places. And why not more affairs on the order of the Frosh-Soph tug of war? The crowd ate up the struggle. . . and both classes rate thanks for their cooperation. . . See you next year!



Fifteen Negro musicians supplied one of the greatest musical thrills of our lives last Friday evening, when we listened in amazement for four hours to an orchestra headed by one William (Count) Basie. We might say that the concert (that's what it was to us, although a number of stupid people could be found dancing) was even more wonderful than has been the development of this group, discovered purely by accident in Kansas City three years ago, into what is unquestionably one of the finest units jazz music has ever known. Now music of any form is such an intangible something that attempts to describe its effects are usually quite futile, but we can mention a few of the highlights that helped make it such an unforgettable experience.

From the opening *King Porter Stomp*, which trumpeter Harry Edison carried far beyond the confines of the conventional arrangement, it was evident that the band, in its informal atmosphere, was super-relaxed, and that we were in for some mighty exciting moments. One of these came with the first playing of the Count's own *One O'Clock Jump*, where even the great soloists were rivaled by the ensemble work of the seven-man brass section and sax quartet, who improvised background figures and ride-out choruses never before dreamed of! Individually, there was the subtle, lyric trumpeting of Buck Clayton to contrast with the more abandoned style of Edison; there was Lester Young, the tenor-saxophonist, who never ceased in those inventive outpourings in his fluidly easy and moving way, and his sideman, Buddy Tate, who is doing his utmost to make the Basie bunch forget the one tragic setback in their rise to the top—the untimely death of Herschel Evans. And will we ever forget the magnificent blues singing of Jimmy Rushing, with Dickey Wells in the background pouring out his soul through the bell of his trombone? Pacing and inspiring the group through every chorus, too, was that peer of all rhythm sections, led by a superbly sensitive drummer, Joe Jones.

Possibly the most exciting example ever offered of fifteen men playing as freely and spiritedly as five might do was in their treatment of a theme called *In The Mood*. They played it through once almost as does the popular selling record of today, but that was only their starting

point. From one of those pauses in the coda, that prolific Lester Young emerged with four highly imaginative choruses, and when no one else felt quite ready to "come in" on the Count's signal, the saxes began working up a figure all their own. In no time the brass were supporting this with a counter-figure, and, though our ears could scarcely believe it, there followed an interweaving of themes that increased in contrapuntal intricacy and musical expressiveness until it reached a climax that Bach would have been proud to call his own.

Such is a vague idea of an experience of a life time. The performance was completely devoid of commercialism and, best of all, sentimentality, which today is a remarkable complement. If I may be allowed to draw a comparison with the patrons of classical music, I might say that what we heard was not for the type of person who prefers a Straus Waltz to the Fifth Symphony; it was not for those who would rather listen to a McDonald-Eddy duet of *Indian Love Call* than to Wotan's expelling of Brünnhilde from Valhalla. In short, it was not for those who like "easy music" (as a recent *Sun* editorial expressed it)—that which requires no concentration, and can be memorized after one hearing. But for the lovers of powerful, moving music—music which, because it is a natural expression of personal emotions and ideas, penetrates to one's very soul—the humble offerings of Count Basie could have furnished indescribable satisfaction.

Ice Hockey League In This Section Forming

Athletic Director Attends Meeting At Georgetown

Mr. Emil "Lefty" Reitz attended a meeting at Georgetown University last Sunday night at which collegiate ice hockey in this section was discussed. A proposal of forming a league of Baltimore and Washington teams was the principal topic. The games are expected to be played at the indoor rinks in the two cities.

Seven Schools Present

Representatives of seven schools attended this very popular and wise meeting. Georgetown, Loyola, Hopkins, American University, George Washington, University of Maryland, and Catholic University were represented and expressed the desire to form such a league.

Last year, Loyola played Georgetown in two informal experimental contests which were highly successful. Fred Aumann, goalie, Norman Waltjen and Jimmy McGuirk, defense men, Frank Brown, Jimmy McGee, Ted Hart, wing men, would form the nucleus of an Evergreen team.

SOPHS--FROSH BATTLE TO 6-6 TIE IN FOOTBALL GAME

Schmidt Recovers Fumble In End Zone; Brady Scores For Pups

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 3) Harmon kicked off for the Sophs and there was very little progress made by either team in the first ten minutes. Brady had the better of the kicking duel with Harmon.

Sophs Threaten

Midway of the first quarter, the blue clad Pups made a determined drive to pay dirt. Taking the ball on their own 48, Brady passed to McElroy for a ten yard gain and a first down. Onnen then plowed his way through for another first down but fumbled as he was

tackled. A quick whistle enabled the freshmen to keep the ball. On the next play, Onnen fought his way through for a ten-yard gain which was nullified by a holding penalty. This stalled the attack and the first year men did not get started again until the second half.

Barlage Passes For Gain

The Sophs started a drive which set up a touchdown in the second quarter. Barlage threw a pass to Schwallenberg who darted to the eleven-yard marker. On an end run, Barlage carried the ball to the three-yard stripe but three attempts on the ground did not reach pay dirt. The freshmen faking a punt fumbled in the end zone and big Don Schmidt pounced on the ball for the first score. Harmon's

dropkick for the extra point was low.

Brady Scores

In the second half, the Pups pushed the Sophs back until their break came. Schwallenberg went back to kick out from the end zone but the punt was partially blocked. Onnen ran the kick back to the nine yard line. Two offside penalties and a holding penalty stymied the frosh again. After an exchange of punts Brady put his pitching arm into good use. Two passes, one to Siwinski and another to McElroy, placed the ball just three yards away from a tie score.

Brady then dodged his way over for the touchdown. An attempted line buck for the extra point failed.



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